



PRAIRIE FLYER

The Magazine of
No. 32 S.F.T.S. (R.A.F.)

Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan - Canada

VOL. 2. No. 3

• • • 10^c • • •

SEPTEMBER, 1942

for a **SUIT**

To Fit the Occasion
And the Man, Visit

Fairchild Bros.

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PRESSING
ALTERATIONS

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Phone 4466

The advertisement for Big Chief Beer features a central illustration of a bottle of beer on the right. The bottle's label reads "BIG CHIEF BEER" and "SASKATOON BREWING CO. LIMITED". To the left of the bottle is a stylized landscape with a rainbow arching over a body of water and mountains. A banner across the rainbow reads "SASKATCHEWAN'S FINEST". Below the banner, the words "BIG CHIEF BEER" are written in large, bold, block letters. To the left of these letters are small illustrations of a Native American headdress, a bison, and a tomahawk. At the bottom left, the text "226-W" is visible. Below the main illustration, a dark banner contains the text "The SASKATOON BREWING COMPANY LIMITED" and "SASKATOON SASKATCHEWAN".

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No. 7

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SUITS, COATS, DRESSES, SHOES

AT POPULAR PRICES

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...— V ...— V ...— V ...— V ...— V ...— V

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at

TEMPLE GARDENS

"AIR CONDITIONED"

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Waltz Night
20c before 9—25c after 9

FRIDAY
Modern Dance
25c before 9—35c after 9

SATURDAY
Week End Hop
40c before 9—50c after 9

PRAIRIE FLYER

THE MAGAZINE OF
No. 32 S.F.T.S.
R.A.F.

Moose Jaw - - Sask.
Canada



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C. E. H. James, M.C.



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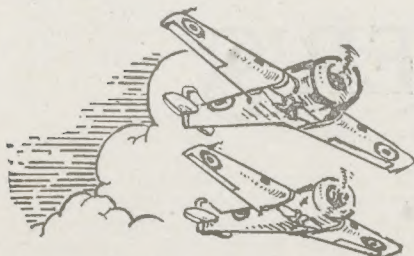
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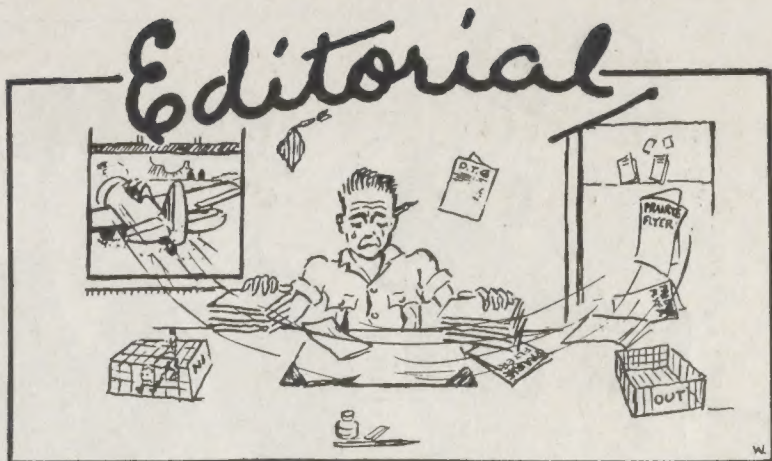
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GOODS OF A DEPENDABLE QUALITY
ARE MORE OF A NECESSITY
NOW
THAN EVER BEFORE

AND IT'S

JOYNER'S
LIMITED

FOR QUALITY



HAD a clairvoyant informed me, even two days before it happened, that I was to assume the editorship of this magazine, I would have belittled his psychic gifts; and remarked that nothing, next to Mr. Schicklgruber's becoming a rational man, was more improbable. We have not so much as a u/t clairvoyant on the station, so nobody did inform me; the shock was therefore all the greater, the paradoxically combined hopes and misgivings that assailed me all the more keen; and although the battle to get this edition out left me little time to worry about it, anyone who could see inside my shoes would observe that I am still shaking in them.

This is of little importance. What is important is that I should express adequately the tribute due to our former editor, LAC. Collins.

His departure is the occasion for personal congratulations to him, as you will see; but, that consideration omitted, it is the occasion for nothing but regrets. He has been directly concerned with the production of this magazine from the time of its inception, and editor since the third number. During this period, despite enormous difficulties, he has managed, not merely to publish it on time (which in the light of my brief experience seems in itself miraculous) but also to bring it to the high standard both of content and lay-out now evident to you all. He has been unsparing of effort, and of his leisure time; and, while we must appreciate the assistance of a committee whose co-operative spirit I have already found to be excellent, it is in the main part to him alone that our thanks must go, for his extremely competent nursing of what only too often threatened to be a problem-child.

I fear that, as a contributor whose copy rarely arrived on anything but the dead-line, or shortly after, I was a minor thorn in his side; a fact which I mention because it affords an opportunity to record, from my own experience, those qualities of patience, understanding, tact, speed and ability, which were so outstanding a part of his editorial equipment. We should be grateful that through his devotion and intelligence, we have (or at least, had; and *Deo volente* will continue to have) a station magazine that occupies a high place among similar publications.

LAC. Collins has now been commissioned as an officer and has gone to assume his new duties on another unit. All those who have worked with him, whether in his capacity as editor, or in his normal station duties, will know that the appointment is well merited; and we wish him in this fresh career the success that he so fully deserves and, we are certain, will attain.

* * * * *

I would like to express my thanks to AC. J. H. Martin, a new committee member; he is a newcomer to the station, who responded nobly to the call for assistance.

To those new arrivals, I will say:—This is your war; this is your station; this is *your* magazine. If you support the magazine, by purchasing it and contributing to it, you are, also helping war charities. Copy is *always* required urgently. Even if you have an idea for the Christmas number, don't hesitate to send it in now. Believe me, it will not be too soon.

—T. M.



"There's old Gadsby, always following form."

LISTEN TO
EVEREADY'S
EARLY BIRD FROLIC

FROM 7 TO 7.30 A.M.

CHAB

Sponsored By
CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO.



THE *Padre's* PAGE

THE Padre was unavoidably called away for a time, and left before he could let us have his contribution for this page.

We have felt it best to keep the space allotted for his use to a religious character, and print here a poem by one of the English mystical poets, John Donne. A brief biographical note, to introduce him to those who are unfamiliar with his work, is given below.

A HYMN TO CHRIST, AT THE AUTHOR'S LAST GOING INTO GERMANY

In what torn ship soever I embark,
That ship shall be my emblem of thy Arke;
What sea soever swallow mee, that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood;
Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise
Thy face; yet through that maske I know those eyes,
Which, though they turne away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this Iland unto thee,
And all of whom I lov'd there, and who lov'd mee;
When I have put our seas twixt them and mee,
Put thou thy sea betwixt my sinnes and thee.
As the trees sap doth seeke the root below
In winter, in my winter now I goe,
Where none but thee, th'Eternal root
Of true Love I may know.

Nor thou nor thy religion dost controule
The amorousnesse of an harmonious Soule,
But thou would'st have that love thy selfe: As thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now,
That lov'st not, till from loving more, thou free
My soule, Who ever gives, takes libertie:
O, if thou car'st not whom I love
Alas, thou lov'st not mee.

Seale then this bill of my Divorce to All,
On whom these fainter beames of love did fall;
Marry those loves, which in youth scattered bee
On Fame, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to thee.
Churches are best for Prayer, that have least light:
To see God only, I goe out of sight:
And to scape stormy dayes, I chuse
An Everlasting night.

JOHN DONNE (1573-1631)—His life is no less remarkable than his poetry. He was an extremely precocious child. At the age of seventeen he had completed an education which was divided for equal period between Oxford and Cambridge. He travelled extensively, even as far as the Azores. A secret marriage in 1601, which was soon discovered, was the beginning of seven years of poverty and hardship; but a reconciliation with his father-in-law ended this unhappiness, and from then onwards he had no material cares. He was, however, in a very neurotic state, and weak health; a spiritual crisis sometime in 1614 led to his entering the ministry, although with great misgivings. This event occurred the following year, and was at the direct request of King James; presently he became royal chaplain. His popularity as a preacher lasted until his death, and his sermons must have been wonderful indeed.

From 1616 to 1621, he was in country livings, and travelling; and during this time his wife died, leaving him sorely bereaved and with seven young children in his charge.

Returning to London, he continued until 1630, when his health broke down completely. His last sermon, for which he came back to London, was delivered on Feb. 12, 1631. A portrait monument for which he stood just before his death (it is still in St. Paul's) shows him in his winding sheet; a last grim jest before the death that came to him on March 21.

The obscure language and occasionally tortuous mysticism of Donne's poems are a little hard at first reading; but longer acquaintance reveals him as a master of unusual rhythms and melodic line, and the possessor of a mind great, subtle, and sensitive.

Technical Terms Illustrated



THE RUN-UP

Everyone's *crackers* but ME!

Writing in our last issue, Petronius Arbiter, Jr., declared that life on the prairie drives men mad. My own experience serves to confirm this solemn assertion.

Take, for instance, the people in my hut. (It isn't really mine, but you know what I mean.) When they arrived, there was nothing in their behaviour to suggest that they were anything but fairly normal human beings who had, with few exceptions, valiantly resisted all efforts on the part of authority to drive them haywire. They had been here perhaps a week when a sinister change became noticeable; and now, after several weeks of constant deterioration, they are—well, you ought to come along and see them one of these nights.

If you arrived at this very moment, you would find B—— (one of those Technical Men whose slogan is Mud, Oil, Gears and Sweat) sitting up in bed and reciting, for no easily discoverable reason, and in a sepulchral voice, the names of the railway stations between Victoria and Maidstone. This seems to give him a peculiar satisfaction.

Below him another erk, only slightly less demented, is talking about the fast-ing feats of Mr. Gandhi. He insists that the Mahatma must possess supernatural powers to be able to live for so long on so little. Someone further down the room challenges this theory. There was once, he recalls, a man at Coney Beach (one of the few places in Wales where Western civilisation has penetrated), who existed for 175 days on biscuits and water—and was that, he asks, supernatural?

A contentious Flight Mechanic now sits up and declares his disbelief in both these feats. No one, he asserts, could fast for so long; both Gandhi and the professional ascetic at Coney Beach must have had food sneaked in to them when nobody was looking.

Meanwhile, on the opposite side of the room, another argument is in progress between two ambassadors of Empire who are trying to settle (once and for all, I hope) whether it was Blue Miller or Blue Peter which won a certain classic race at the White City some years ago. There is no line of strict demarcation between the two arguments, for occasionally one of the people

discussing greyhounds will say something about Mr. Gandhi, and one of the others will contribute, equally casually, to the subject of dogs. The effect of this upon a detached listener is a trifle weird.

And all the while B—— continues his mournful recitation of place names: "Victoria, London Bridge, Dulwich, East Dulwich, Herne Hill, Orpington,

by J.H.M.

★ (The man who hides his light under Sergt. Bushell.)

Ravensbourne, Bromley, Bickley, St. Mary's Cray . . ." It is like a Celtic lament.

But there are yet stranger things to surprise the visitor. Sitting cross-legged in the middle of the floor is an LAC. He has a sheet draped around him and a mess-tin between his knees, and as we watch he sways slowly back and forth, chanting "Alms for the love of Allah!" Poor fellow! when we left England together he was as sane as I am now.

Behind him another sufferer, attired in gym. knickers and nothing else, is standing on his head on the table. He, too, was perfectly normal when I knew him first.

Then, not far from the door, we have the strangest sight of all: an airman with long blonde hair à la Garbo, sitting, in a black evening gown, on the side of his bed and reading "The Monastery" by Sir Walter Scott. When anyone asks him why, he says that he is a female impersonator rehearsing for a forthcoming show.

These scenes are typical of what happens every night in our hut (excepting on Saturday night; and then everybody is worse), and even so we have lost old Taff, who was the farthest advanced case of the lot. Taff knew only one song and he sang it, if "sang" is the word, in a voice that did grave discredit to the Cymri. It was "Brother, can you spare a dime?" and never have I heard anything more lugubrious. There was

• Continued on page 11

Sequel to a Sermon



PETRONIUS ARBITER, JR.

Judging by the vituperative letters, anonymous and biting postcards, terse cables (sent collect) and angry telephone calls, from indignant readers, the article of mine they were kind enough to publish in the last issue of the "Prairie Flyer" has had a startling effect not merely on the personnel of this Station, but also on those members of the civilian population who were lucky enough to get a copy of the magazine. It was, I repeat, kind of them to publish it; but I wish they never had. My days now are occupied in reading this extensive fan-mail (if such it may be called), answering the telephone, hiding from the more persistent callers, and attempting in the brief intervals between these activities to estimate the merits of the many insults received, for the rudest and most telling of which I have decided to award a prize. I have appointed as the closing date for entries Maundy Thursday, 1943, and the prize is a handsomely bound volume entitled "The Best of Tennyson", which I have been trying to unload on someone for a long time. The Best of Tennyson, in my opinion, is the fact that you don't have to read him.

It would seem that in attempting to steer a middle course and give consideration to both merits and demerits, I succeeded only in antagonising both those who like it here and those who don't; while the new arrivals, who were about to decide on adopting one or other of the two attitudes, complain bitterly that since reading that ill-fated article they are unable to come to any decision at all. Thus it becomes clear that the object of my sermon (you will note how cunningly I get you to concede that it had one, though secretly I consider this to be extremely dubious) has not been attained, and in fact everyone, including me, would be a lot happier if it had never been written.

Take, for instance, this heart-cry from the Saskatchewan wilderness:

"DEAR SIR,—

We have lived on our farm seventeen miles east of the gopher-track running between Buffalo Bridge and Pig Pound Lake for forty-seven years, and during this time have been to Moose Jaw twice, Saskatoon once, and Pasqua three times. There is never a dull moment in our lives, as the above statement shows, and we resent your remarks concerning the

Prairies. It is lying propaganda of this sort that serves to keep our country under-populated; though in this connection, we might mention that further depopulation to the extent of one would in our view be quite in order, provided that that one was you.

Your article stinks.

Yours venomously,

MR. AND MRS. HOMER PIGEON."

My thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon for the very moderate tone of their letter. If you could see, or rather, if I could publish, some of the others, you would understand what took the smile off my face. The way things stand, however, it is not possible to publish the choicer specimens; for as author of the article in which they were published I would, under the existing laws, be compelled to sue myself for libel, and probably have to pay heavy damages which I can ill afford. That you will appreciate this difficulty, and bear with me, I know.

There is one missive, of a gentler sort, that I cannot resist including, for its genuine simplicity and spontaneous expression of feeling touch me to the quick, or thereabouts. The literary style may appear a little too naive for our world-weary taste, but only the uncompromising cynic would deny it the qualities of directness, candour, and at least an occasional lucidity. Here it is, for what it is worth:

"DERE SIR OR MADDAM,

i ave red yore peece in thee prayery
fligher cor lumme yew dont arf lae i onn
thik yew dont arf i was knot shore ov
thee meenins ov orl thee wirds but i ave
an a c h werkin four me wot yewsed 2
bee liebreiryan inn thee british mew-
seum an e as tole me orl abowt it wot
a sylse ov luk eh yew doant arf meat
sum people inn thee servisses ejukashun
is a wunndafool thingk i allwais sai u
will bee pleezed 2 ear thai ave jus maid
me a fite sarjunt cor lumme mi old
dutch wont arf bee tikkled i ave never
ad sew much munny in mi lighf i ave
bort a knew fountin pen 2 rite ome wiv
oping this leeves me as itt fineds u at
presant inn thee pingk has thai sai iff u
git enny sigarret kards pleese send them

• Continued on page 14

... Things We Want to Know

Is a thirst for knowledge and a desire to master the intricate workings of the Harvard II the real reason for the sudden flood of applications for posting to Repairs?

Have the rival sections a theory of their own about this?

Who was the pupil who forgot to get out of his aeroplane when it caught fire?

Who ran out of the Dining Hall when called upon to sing at the repatriation dinner?

What was wrong with the Editor's shoes, and did he think the S.W.O. was going to mend them for him?

Who left his best blue in New York and had to go *all* the way back for it?

Who is Gloria, what is she?

Who was the fitter who deserted his own generation at Temple's recently?

Was he missing maternal affection, or gold-digging for her old age pension? Or had he simply left his glasses behind?

Is the table in the Airmen's Mess marked "Sergeants Only" intended for N.C.O.'s who are in disgrace for walking on the flower-beds?

Is it true that the Sergeants' Mess gardener has been posted to Hampton Court?

Could it be arranged that single men draw a subsistence allowance also, and save the cooks the bother of spoiling the food?

Is it true that a certain senior N.C.O. from Accounts has "ectewally" gone on a flying course?

Is it true that the cooks, pursuing their policy of "Keep-'em-guessing", attempted to hang the milk-churn from the ceiling?
More on page 28.

EVERYONE'S CRACKERS BUT ME !

• *Continued from page 9*

one line, "They called me Al—it was Al all the time", which he would repeat everlastingly in a shrill wail that suggested nothing so much as a Warrant Officer being beaten by his wife.

Nor was this all. Our Welsh friend had a habit of flinging himself onto his bunk and crying plaintively, "Take me away! Send me home! Please, please, I don't want to be a Flight Sergeant!" They took him away in the end—officially, of course, we were told that he had been posted. A very sad case.

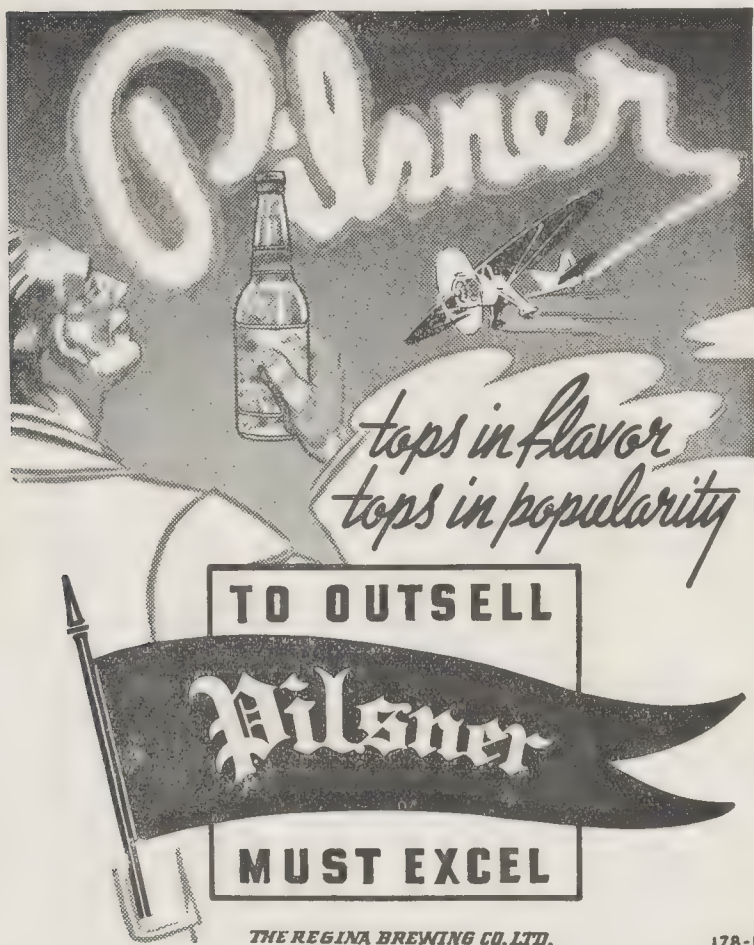
Before finishing I take a last look around the hut. The situation, as they say in communiques, remains unchanged, except that those who were arguing about Gandhi and greyhounds are now firing orange peel at one another, using bits of elastic held between the teeth. They will later crawl over the floor, like be-diapered infants, and pick all the rind up again, for use on later occasions.

And poor B—— is still uttering his incantation. "Swanley, Eynsford, Shoreham, Otford" Soon he will reach Maidstone and begin all over again. I tried to psycho-analyse him the other night, but he proved an almost impossible subject. When I

asked him: "What does 'horse' suggest to you?" he just sat and stared—a definite case, I should say, of an occlusion between the Ego and the Id, with an ineffective censor mechanism; possibly the result of his having sat on something cold when he was a child. Such a person would be particularly susceptible to prairie madness (see Adler's "Gesundseellschaft und Wiener Schnitzel", Vienna, 1920).

You will understand that it is very difficult for me in these circumstances to practise levitation. For hours every evening I have lain on my bunk, trying to empty my mind of all irrelevant thoughts and waving my arms frantically in a desperate effort to float upwards to the ceiling. I have not succeeded in rising an inch, whereas—given the right atmosphere—I should have been able by this time to float into Moose Jaw whenever there was a favourable wind, thereby saving myself 'bus fares and the bother of reporting at the guardroom. Consequently, after long vexation, I have decided to abandon the project temporarily, and instead to employ my spare time in making little paper boats from old copies of D.R.O.'s (if I can get the Commanding Officer's permission).

It's awfully hard being the only sane person in the hut.



A vintage advertisement for Pilsner beer. The top half features a large, stylized, glowing 'Pilsner' in a cursive font. Below it, a man in a suit is shown from the chest up, holding a bottle of beer. To his right, a biplane is flying. The text 'tops in flavor' and 'tops in popularity' is written in a cursive script. Below this, a banner with the word 'Pilsner' in a gothic font is held by a flagpole. The bottom section contains the text 'TO OUTSELL' and 'MUST EXCEL' in bold, capital letters. At the very bottom, it says 'THE REGINA BREWING CO., LTD.' and '178-B'.

Pilsner

tops in flavor
tops in popularity

TO OUTSELL

Pilsner

MUST EXCEL

THE REGINA BREWING CO., LTD.

178-B

BITS and PIECES

Demure Young Thing: "What kind of officer are you?"

Officer: "I'm a Naval Surgeon."

D.Y.T.: "My, how you doctors do specialise!"



Instructor: "I will not begin today's lecture until the room settles down."

Voice from Rear: "Go home and sleep it off, old man."



FROM THE DIARY OF A DEB.

Monday: I felt highly honoured by being placed at the Captain's table.

Tuesday: I spent the morning on the bridge with the Captain. He seems to like me.

Wednesday: The Captain made proposals to me unbecoming to an officer and a gentleman.

Thursday: Captain threatened to sink ship if I did not agree to his proposals.

Friday: I save 600 lives.



"Hey, don't spit on the floor."
"Why? Does it leak?"



DEFINITIONS

Gentleman Farmer: The only thing he raises is his hat.

Woman's Instinct: The thing that tells her she's right whether she is or not.



"Who is that elongated string of misery over there?"

"That is my daughter."

"Just fancy that, now! My word, hasn't she grown tall and graceful!"

WHAT, NO ELEPHANTS?

A man was walking along Piccadilly leading a pink alligator on a piece of string. The reptile became fractious and made rude noises.

"Another sound out of you," said the man, "and I'll sign the pledge and then you'll disappear altogether."



"They tell me as 'ow pore Bill got killed. 'Ow'd it 'appen?"

"'E fell fru a platform."

"Wot was 'e doin' on a platform?"

"Bein' 'anged."

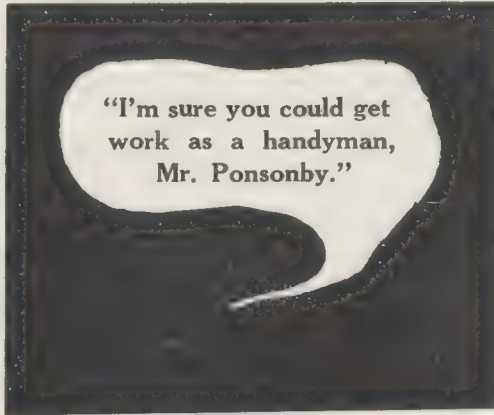


The problem in marrying a modern girl is whether you can divorce her in the manner to which she has been accustomed.



"You're getting a prize when you marry my daughter."

"Sound scheme, sir. What is it?"



HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

ASYLUM SCENE

One of the patients is up a step-ladder, hard at work whitewashing the ceiling. The second is down below, doing the heavy looking-on.

Dialogue

"Have you got a firm grip on that brush?"

"Sure. Why?"

"Because I'm taking the ladder away."



Erk: How was that nurse you had when you were in dock?

Another Erk: She was so dumb she thought a coma was a punctuation mark.

Evening Scene

How doth the Station W.O.
Improve the evening hours?
He spreads them evenly between
The airmen and the flowers.

It gives him simple happiness
Devotedly to hoe
The gardens by the Sergeants' Mess
When out of camp we go.

He glances at us as we pass
Towards the guardroom gate;
There is no other way, alas—
Death cometh soon or late!

One eye observes with gardener's glee
And Middletonian pride,
The progress of a small sweet pea
That haply might have died.

Amazingly, the other eye
Discerns a heel so worn,
That he must ask the owner why
He needed to be born.

The normal floriculturist
When occupied with roots
Does not observe the starboard list
Of other people's boots.

One doubts if Mr. Middleton
Has eyes so like a lynx,
Or cares for buttons left undone
When cultivating pinks.

I think the Station W.O.'s
Utopia is where
The prairie blossoms like the rose
And airmen's buttons GLARE!

—J. H. M.

SEQUEL TO A SERMON

• *Continued from page 10*

2 mee as i collect them u arnt arf a wun
i muss sai thankin yew i remane yores
trewly joe smiff."

There is, as my former Fleet Street associate Muggleswade used to say, *something* here; though I am hardly prepared to say what. One is tempted to postulate the influence of Gertrude Stein grafted onto a certain native raciness and zest; but this may be stretching a point. Anyway, I give this gem in all its original lustre for the benefit of future generations, who may make of it what they will.

Having done this, I feel that my duty is completed, and I am at liberty to return to that normal state of inebriation from which, by judicious abstention, I recovered for a length of time sufficient to get this screed written.

Before I depart on my bacchanalian progress, there is one more thing I would like to say; the general reaction to my unhappy effort has convinced me on one point, on which in any case I have already been convinced for years. It is this:—

The best thing to do with people is to leave them alone.

Consider yourself left.

MORE about the Gremlins . . .

SINCE the last issue of the "Prairie Flyer," interest in Gremlins has increased a thousandfold—and funnily enough, there has been a sharp decline in the quantity of ground-loops around and about. This may or may not be a coincidence. But it is certainly gratifying, to the Gremlins at least, to know that a few more have joined that select band of believers who are more or less immune from sudden gusts, broken windscreens, empty parachute packs, etc. Even some of the C.Y.M. are gradually being converted; and as a result, much speculation and talk has been circulating.

To clarify the position, it seems that some sort of explanation of the organisation and functions of Gremlins would be of interest at this time. First of all, it should be understood that Gremlins are organised along lines similar to those of human beings; that is to say, they each have their particular niche in life, and a certain job to do. These jobs vary, of course, but broadly speaking their work is to look after the good types, and hack down the poor types—where necessary. The whole system is quite complicated, and would take far too long to elaborate in any detail; so perhaps it would be advisable that the explanation be confined entirely to that jolly bunch of Gremlins who are detailed for special duty with the R.A.F.

From data acquired through the years by various members of the Service, it would appear that this Special Duty Branch attached to the R.A.F. is modelled somewhat on the lines of the R.A.F. itself, with various trades, groups, ranks and duties. Furthermore, each group is detailed for service with its corresponding group; for example, G.D. Gremlins are concerned only with helping or hacking members of the G.D. branch of the R.A.F. See the idea?

Naturally, G. D. Gremlins have the busiest time when posted to F.T.S.'s. and competition is keen among them for postings or attachments to Squadrons or other units where life is a little less harassing, and where perhaps they would have only one or two poor types to handle, instead of many. They find they can cope with either the pupils or the instructors, but attending to both is a bit too much. You see, they are at-

tached to Flights on a sort of establishment basis; and at some times they are busy 24 hours a day, and at others only a few minutes—depending on which Flight they are attached to.

There appears to be a sort of central figure—the brains of the G. D. Gremlins—on each unit to direct operations, allot

by E.H.F.

duties, etc.; rather like a despatching officer, who is normally situated on the top of the control tower and thus has his fingers on the pulse, as it were. They use, apparently, a kind of super inter-comm., by which the G.C.O. (Gremlin Control Officer) issues orders and instructions, quick as a flash, to any of the Flight Gremlins, and action is taken forthwith.

There is, naturally enough, a certain inter-Flight rivalry, as in some they have to work overtime and it irks them a little to see their chums in other Flights sunbathing and taking it easy.

It has been found that, in addition to this form of rivalry, there is also a certain amount of good-natured (?) feeling between departments and groups; also understandable up to a point. It sometimes happens that the G. D. Gremlins going back on duty at 1630 or so, after a busy day, meet with a flock of A. & S. D. Gremlins, just going off duty—finished until 1000 or so next morning—and then words are bandied about in no ordinary fashion; but on the whole, in a good-humoured (that question mark keeps ? there! keeps jumping up) way.

The A. & S. D. group (and Accounts Gremlins) are among the most envied by the G. D. Gremlins, as they are normally on duty only from 1000 till 1600, and even in their busiest spasms have a quite reasonable time, hiding letters, changing file covers over and altering important signals; not a bad sort of life, viewed from the G. D. angle; but in spite of that they maintain (like all the other groups) that they are the hardest-worked!

On the whole, though, the Gremlins are a happy band, doing their various jobs with a grim sense of humour—and

• Continued on following page

You look as
young as the
day we met!



"The secret of my perpetual youth is proper care by the General Motors Car Conservation Plan!"

• Under this Car Conservation Plan, designed for war time—we help you save right away by stopping trouble before it starts—by correcting tire wear—adding to gasoline mileage—doing everything to keep your car fit for the duration.

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MORE ABOUT THE GREMLINS

• Continued from page 15

justice—a likeable crowd if you are on their side.

They haven't had much to do locally of late, except in a playful sort of way, so they've managed to get in a spot of annual leave. One thing upset them, though, a week or two back. It was this way:—

As you probably know, during the hot weather, they bed out in the long grass on the aerodrome, safe in the knowledge that it's "Runways Only" (but keeping a sharp look-out for A & B Flights anyway). Well, one day, without any warning, the dumb-bell was removed from the signal area, and the order was "All the Aerodrome in Use." Naturally, they took a dim view of this; so that night, when all was still, they removed the windsock (you didn't *really* think the high wind did it, surely?). Next day was a complete shambles, as you can imagine with them using all the aerodrome and no windsock for guide, so back came the dumb-bell and "Runways Only" was the order; and the Gremlins returned to their long grass. Just shows how awkward they can be when they feel that the occasion demands, doesn't it?

Another way in which they made their presence felt was by occupying the Sports Store—of all places—one night. It seems that one of the instructors, returning to his quarters after a couple of details of N.F.1, was amazed to hear bangings and knockings going on inside as he passed by. He investigated, but was unable to see anything through the curtains on the window, and as the place was locked he had to leave it until the morning. Next day, on inspection, it was found that all the soccer boots had nails sticking up on the inside. This was obviously the work of a gang of ACH Gremlins who normally run a mosquito farm just east of the rifle range, and who felt that some peace and quiet was necessary to the smooth running of the farm. It only goes to show, doesn't it?

There will probably be greater activity before the next issue, and it is hoped that the feature entitled "Gremlin News of the Month" will be a regular contribution.

I once knew a man who was on the point of proposing to a girl when her eyelashes fell into the soup.—James Agate.

Excerpts from THE BOOK OF THE GEN MEN —

NOW it came to pass that in those days there were two Gen Men in the land of Raf at the place called A-ir-werks. Griff and Pukkha were they so called. Verily, they were wise in their generation. And they did gather unto them divers followers, whom they called Erks. And behold a great multitude met together to hear the creed of the Gen Men. For they did preach as prophets, "Draw nigh unto us and we will put forth the good tidings that will be to all the people and it is called the Gen." And there sat down many numbers who desired to be learned in the ways of the prophets. And they did say "This shall come to pass" and "That will be even as foretold unto you."

Now Griff did say that the labourers in the vineyards of A-ir-werks would henceforth experience much benefit by reason of that which is called Amendments. And it was even so. Pukkha, leaning upon the magical rod which he was wont to call Driver, did expound at great length on divers topics concerning Admin. which came from the place called H.Q.O.R. And it was even thus.

And the Erks, among whom were Wallahs and Bashers, did cry each unto the other, "Verily, they are Gen Merchants!"

And behold, on a certain day, the day of Much Shekels, a great concourse assembled at the market place in the Temple of Drill. Many voices were raised and great was the hubbub thereof, as each did go and receive his tithe. And a voice spoke, drowning the mutterings of the ill-mannered throng, "QUIET, I SAY, YE SONS OF BAAL, OR WHIPS AND SCORPIONS SHALL BE YOUR LOT." Thus spake He-who-held-high-office. But some there were that called him reaper, sower, or binder, or some such strange name.

(This manuscript, which has come into our possession through secret channels, is probably second in importance only to the Rosetta Stone and the archæological findings at Ur of the Chaldees. It is, unfortunately, in a very dilapidated condition, and the parts that are not illegible are largely unprintable. Only two further excerpts, therefore, can be given. . . . Save these first editions; they will be valuable next century.)

At that time Griff and Pukkha moved among their followers and foretold that He-who-held-high-office and others of like ilk would soon be spirited away to far-off places. Even as the source of much Gen which is called Sigs and Daps had prophesied. Upon which wine and laughter did run free, as was the custom. And the fame of the Gen Men spread far and wide.

And it came to pass that there was issued that proclamation which has been called DROS, concerning Movements and Postings. Which each did pass to the other, all the while eagerly scanning. But there was not found any reference to that which the Gen Men had foretold. And there was weeping and gnashing of teeth in the land of Raf. And they did seek high and low for Griff and Pukkha, all the while crying "Duff, Duff!", which from that day forward they were so called by all the men in A-ir-werks.

Be it so even with ye who are thus susceptible—for they that lend an ear to the Gen Merchants shall have their fill of Duff! Hearken not to the sooth-sayer lest thou groweth adept at evil-harbinger!

Zarathrustra has spoken. . . .

From Moravia comes the story of a Czech woman on her way to market with her vegetables in a crowded tramcar. She began complaining loudly (with the obvious approval of the audience) of all the trouble, starvation and misery that "he" was bringing on the country. Soon a young Nazi officer asked her threateningly, "Whom do you mean?" "Churchill," was the prompt reply, "and whom do you think I meant?"



O CANADA!

Well, we are going to miss them. Probably not until we run out of cigarettes, or until they don't turn up to do



Canadian Haircut

their share on domestic night, but we are going to miss them. Of course, we are treating the new chaps like second week guests at a boarding house just now, but that will soon pass. We aren't going to tell them anything, though—let them go through what we went through! Our troubles started three days out from Blighty. By then we were wishing we had gone for a ten minute walk five minutes before the boat sailed.

This is the only guaranteed cure for seasickness.

Still, we arrived in the good old days, before it was a crime to put a wet spoon in the sugar-bowl or to scrape your tires along the curb. After getting used to the bright lights (this took about a week) we had time to look around. Here was a crowd of people living quite a different sort of life from our own and, strangely enough, liking it that way. Of course, we didn't go much on those of

our chaps who quickly got into the habits of referring to us as "buddies" and drinking Coca-Cola at every opportunity. Neither did we get used to the idea of having our hair cut in a shop window (at 40c). Oh, we had our troubles, all right. We used to wait patiently for the 'bus for half-an-hour and watch it go past—on the other side of the street. Everything seemed strange at first, especially the weather. We certainly didn't foresee the mud. Words weren't enough to describe what we thought of the first spring in Moose Jaw. Moose Jaw-on-the-Mud, it should be called. And all the sympathy we got from the townspeople was, "But it grows good crops." We weren't surprised. We took root ourselves on more than one occasion. And weren't we mortified to find that a Comfort Station was *not* a place where ladies sit around and knit us pullovers and scarves!

After a bit, we got used to it. When in Rome, do as the Germans do. We even tried to eat corn-on-the-cob without looking too ferocious about it. (Future generations of Canadians will probably be born with receding chins to facilitate the eating of this, their national



"We took root ourselves"

dish.) Skating, too. In their own language, we felt suckers when we tried it. The food was good, of course, but to ask for a sandwich and find ourselves saddled with a full meal was a bit of a shaker. Then, to crown it all, to be presented with toothpicks so that we could excavate our molars in public! Even to ask for a bar of chocolate was degrading. It was easy in England—"Cadbury's, please", or "Bourneville, plain", but to shout out in public "A Sweetie Pie and an O Henry" was too much. And the girls! Their schoolgirl complexions were certainly not acquired by the use of soap, although, at a distance, the effect was quite good.

Yes, you chaps are going to go through it all right. Just wait until you call a



Corn on the Cob

girl nice and homely and get a clip over the chops for your troubles. Just wait until she says *she's* no jitterbugger, and promptly whizzes you around the floor so that after the third circuit you feel weak at the knees. And then she'll invite you to a "wiener roast". It will be very amusing until the River Park mosquitoes get cracking.

Yessir, you've got it coming, all right.

Anyway, it's been a lot of fun.

T. S. M. G..



A Sucker on Skates

A sailor was returning home by train from his port of disembarkation. He had a parrot with him, which he let out of its cage for the amusement of other passengers; whereupon the bird flew out of the window. It finally settled on the eaves of a farmhouse roof; the farmer, who had never moved from his

native soil and never seen a parrot, spotted it. He got a ladder, with the intention of climbing up and capturing this rarity. He was half way up when the bird said:

"What are you doing?"

"I'm sorry, sir," said the farmer, "I thought you were a bird."

ALL WILL BE THERE

Give me a gay green-hearted land
Where clouds go by like quinquereemes,
And in a thousand voices speaks the sea;
There I would work and dream my dreams,
There I would happy be.

For good it is to love the earth,
And good to know that when we lie
Where upturned faces see no clouds above
All will be there—land, sea and sky,
For other men to love.

—J. H. M.

Albert Tootlepush WRITES HOME

DEAR MUM,—

Hoping this finds you well as it leaves me at present.

There isn't much news for you because life here just jogs along quietly with nothing special happening. In fact, being on this camp is rather like living in a sleepy village.

I seldom go into town, and when I do it is usually to collect the laundry or to change a library book. Most evenings I sit around in the billet reading and playing solitaire. I particularly like Saturday nights as most of the chaps are out of camp and one can relax in quietness.

Sunday means church, letters, and a stroll on the prairie with my friend Felix who, being a married man, is quite content with the simple pleasures of camp life. I am putting on weight rapidly—probably because we drink so much milk. We have milk with our meals; we have it in the canteen; and when we go into town the first place we make for is one of the soda fountains where people sit on high stools and suck milk through straws. We drink scarcely anything else.

This letter will be rather short, I'm afraid, but as I said before there isn't much news—and in any case I want to catch the evening post and then turn in. Early to bed and early to rise is our slogan here.

Hope to hear from you soon. Your last letter, dated May 20, arrived today and was very welcome. I am glad that Trevor is going to get married. He will now have to settle down and lead a quiet life. It is about time he did, and as Agatha's husband he won't have much choice. I suppose she will keep on with her Bible Class.

Well, that's about all till next time.

Your loving son,

ALBERT.

P.S.—There are some good books by Annie S. Swan in the library.

DEAR BILL,—

If this letter strikes you as being a trifle misty, you can blame it on Saskatchewan beer. I'm suffering from the foulest hangover life can hold; general feeling of vagueness and indecision and mouth like the bottom of a baby's pram. I know now what Kipling meant when

he wrote of the dawn coming up like thunder; it comes up like thunder here every Sunday morning.

As you will have gathered, we did amuse ourselves mightily on yesterday night. At the first stroke of 19.00 hours,

by Old Moore, Jr.

we hid ourselves to town and there proceeded to lubricate our dusty throats with many a cool draught of Saskatchewan brew. (They call it beer, but I suspect that it's the firewater which was originally sold to the Indians.)

When the inevitable hour arrived and we found ourselves turned out into the cold, cold world, we betook ourselves—I know not why nor how—to the local park of Culture and Rest, and there we did engage in the singing of divers merry ditties. We had, I recall, finished "There'll Be Bread and Cheese for Old Bill Green", and had arrived at the second stanza of "Wait 'Till the Sun Shines, Nellie", when Felix, whose natural eccentricity is always intensified by a nectare or two of the good old wet and brown, unaccountably decided to capture one of the swans. His plan was to hang upside down under the rustic bridge, and grab it by its ornamental neck as it floated by underneath. We managed to haul him back in the nick of time. The strain on his braces had removed most of his vital buttons, and for the remainder of the evening he suffered grave embarrassment.

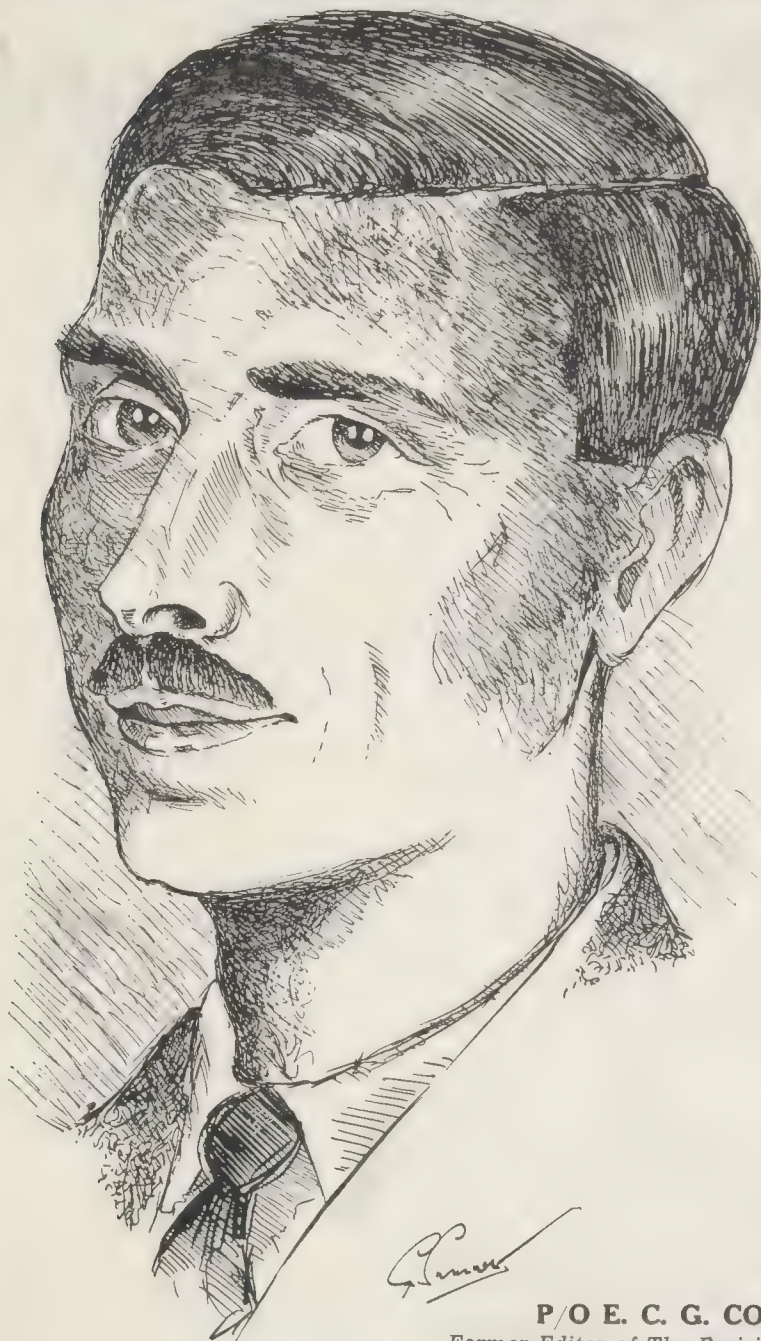
After that, we must have gone to a dance, for it was at a dance that we met the girls—and what girls! Programme for the latter part of the evening: Fun and Games.

And here I am, old boy, suffering from one of the thickest hangovers that flesh and blood are heir to, and with a date for this afternoon which can only mean a repetition of last night's frolics. I should like a fairly comfortable iceberg to relax upon, and a private string orchestra to play me dreamy music at a distance.

And you, you old souse; life still holds a few consolations, no doubt? Two, anyway. I suppose Mary still relieves the Stygian night with an occasional dizzy party, bless her heart. My, what nights we used to have in the good old days—

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Potted Personalities . . . No. 13



P/O E. C. G. COLLINS
Former Editor of The Prairie Flyer

32's NEW AWARD

Polish Decoration For W/C Everton

No. 32, S.F.T.S.—The recently appointed O/C of Maintenance Wing at this unit has been awarded the coveted decoration of the Polonia Restituta.

First announcements were made in the London Gazette and read as follows:

"The King has granted unrestricted permission for the wearing of the following decorations which have been conferred on the officers indicated for valuable services in connection with the War:—

CONFERRED BY THE PRESIDENT
OF THE POLISH REPUBLIC

POLONIA RESTITUTA—FOURTH CLASS
Act. Wing Commander W. B. Everton."

It was in December, 1939, that W/C Everton first came into contact with the Polish airmen in England. He was at this time posted to assume charge of the Ground Training School for the Polish section at an R.A.F. aerodrome. Here both ground and air crews were trained in all subjects; most of the men were already wholly or partially skilled in the particular trades for which they were intended, and the main objects of the instruction carried out under W/C Everton's direction were intensive language study and conversion from Polish to English methods.

In 1940, owing to the school being in a danger area, it was evacuated elsewhere and the training programme proceeded with as high a degree of success as before. The fall of France brought additional trainees who had previously been fighting on the French battlefield. W/C Everton was for some time O/C the Polish depot, pending the arrival of a Group Captain, and on relinquishing the command again assumed his post as C.G.I.

When, in 1941, he left for Canada, the school had already provided both

ground and air crews for many Polish Squadrons, and in addition had distributed Polish personnel to units in England.

The business-like, jovial, heavily-built Wing Commander has many colourful stories illustrating the extreme courage and devotion of his Polish associates, both officers and other ranks, and says unhesitatingly, "They are the bravest men I ever met."

Not generally known is the fact that the Polish Air Force is recognised by the British Government as an independent fighting unit of an allied state, and is not under R.A.F. jurisdiction. The oath of allegiance taken by them is therefore to the Polish Republic.

It is clear that W/C Everton played an important part in establishing those Polish Squadrons whose exploits are now history, and the award is richly deserved. We add our congratulations to the innumerable others.

Announcements

It is proposed that fireplaces should be constructed in the following places:— One back to back between the Wet Canteen and the Corporals' Room, and one in the Y.M.C.A. Canteen. Suggestions or designs for these will be welcomed, and should be forwarded to Sqdn./Ldr. Negus in Headquarters.

* * *

We are offering a prize of £1.00 for the best article on "How I Joined the R.A.F." The competition is open to members of this unit only, and the closing date for entries is August 30, 1942. This is your chance to get published and get paid for it.

D.F.C. for Brother

AC. W. Newbery (when shall we hear him sing?) has received news that his brother, F/Lt. Richard Newbery, has been awarded the D.F.C. Congratulations

SEPTEMBER, 1942

23

Mosquito Menace Is Foiled!

Workshops Win in Grim Battle

"Schiaparelli has nothing on us," Says Designer

First hint of strange doings in Station Workshops was received when this reporter was informed that "A man has been to the office with some Christmas tree decorations for you." Further inquiry elicited news of a staggering blow delivered to the legions of mosquitoes which recently invaded the camp, occupying strong points in the Cookhouse, Officers' Mess, Rest Room and M. T. Section, laying siege to the Watch Tower, and carrying out a pincers movement on the tarmac and innumerable flank attacks in all sections. Many believe them to be Hitler's Secret weapon.

Always anxious to rise to the occasion, the Workshops Brains Trust devoted an entire night to this problem, and evolved the gorgeous headgear shown, in all solemnity and without a trace of exaggeration, opposite. This amazingly simple yet incredibly ingenious counter-stroke to Secret Weapon tactics is thought to be an important step towards final victory.

It is understood that only a few models have so far been produced, and these will be rushed into action for the intensive guerilla warfare now being carried on by our advance troops on the fields at Moose Jaw and Buttruss. There is little doubt that large scale production will be called for immediately the new weapon has proved itself under actual battle conditions.



As Seen by Our Artist

"We are nothing if not versatile," said Sgt. Firth, interviewed when he brought this latest creation along, under heavy guard, for our inspection. "Guns, tanks, ships and 'planes; and now behold" (he produced an illustration showing it "as worn") "this nymph of the prairie!"

We could not quite analyse the tone in which he spoke his final words, which were:

"What next?"

(Our Military Correspondent is preparing a thesis, on the possibility that the invading hordes are That Man's Secret Weapon, which we will avoid publishing if it is at all possible.—Ed.)

STOP PRESS: QUOTE . . . PERSISTENT RUMOURS THAT FORMATION OF THESE BLOOD-SUCKING INSECTS IS NOW PICKETING 32, FLYING BACK AND FORTH OVER THE MAIN GATE WITH BANNER STATING "THIS PLACE UNFAIR TO UNION MOSQUITOES" . . . UNQUOTE.

Future Outlook..??

Educational Facilities for All

Educational facilities again become prominent, with the approach of the fall season. The programme sponsored by Canadian Legion Educational Services has already proved beneficial to a large number of airmen at No. 32 S.F.T.S.; so we are publicising the facilities (offered entirely free of charge) for the benefit of those who left it till later as well as the new arrivals.

The work of the Education Officer here is carried out by the Station Padre, Sqdn./Ldr. M. S. Flint; his office is located in S.H.Q., and he is at all times ready and willing to assist you with your educational problems. Make a point of consulting him; with his help you can increase your present educational standing, or arrange for those necessary courses which will enable you to re-muster to aircrew. It doesn't matter how busy you may be with your regular duties, you can always find time out for a few periods of study taken during your leisure.

Men in the last war suffered handicaps after demobilization, through lack of the educational standing that would fit them for civil life. The present war can't, thank the Lord, last for ever; and you should be thinking now about equipping yourself for the aftermath. The best way in which you can do that is to fill the gaps in your education; by so doing, you will not merely be making things easier for yourself from a personal point of view, but you will be better able to take a part in making the world more like what we all know it should be.

The Educational Services of the Canadian Legion now enjoy the benefits of the entire educational resources of the Dominion, and are in a position to offer to all members of the forces Correspondence Courses in Elementary and High School subjects, University Courses, and

certain courses in Accountancy and extra-curricular work. Where there are sufficient numbers requiring typing, shorthand, bookkeeping, mathematics, physics, motor mechanics, or any subject you wish to name, they will gladly arrange for classes to be set up, with the C.O.'s permission, on the camp or adjacent thereto.

If the Padre is not available just at the time you are off duty, drop in at the Legion Hall on High St. West and have a chat with the Secretary, Mr. P. Webb; or any other members of the Moose Jaw

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News for Home

A service of news and photographs for publication in English national, county and local newspapers has recently been decided on, and Sqdn./Ldr. L. A. Nickolls has been appointed R.A.F. Public Relations Officer at Ottawa to organise this.

Local papers at home are willing to print contributions in the form of letters or articles by people from their own districts, dealing with life and experiences in Canada; and this provides you with an opportunity to let the people in your home town know how you are getting along in Canada. If you get married, win the local boxing championship, score a century, put out a fire, go on leave to a well-known spot, save anyone from drowning, or merely beat the local record by consuming a pint of beer in three seconds flat—it will be of interest locally back home. So let's hear from you; contributions—which will be submitted through the S/LA—can be anything from two line paragraphs upwards; and your full home address, including the street number, should be given with all items submitted.

Someone who has an idea of how to do the job is required for station press correspondent. Budding journalists, please step forward!

SEPTEMBER, 1942

25

ACQUIRE ICE-CREAM STAND

Station Amenities Improved?

All Londoners on the camp were delighted to see a streamlined version of the once familiar hokey-pokey cart make its debut behind the Watch Tower recently. After a few nostalgic moments, and minor regrets that the trend towards modernism had robbed the gadget of some of its peculiar charm, the thing became accepted and a queue formed rapidly; but all that could be found inside it at that time was a senior officer who had climbed aboard, we fancy, to weep for his lost boyhood in an appropriate atmosphere.

There was some outcry at first, but the crowd soon dispersed, reasoning that you can't have everything all at once, and it was something to have an ice-cream cart even if there were no ice-cream. Keen disappointment has since been expressed by many, at the apparent failure of the P.S.I. to provide the goods which, incidentally, could have been sold at a profit and this used to buy even bigger and better football boots in which the men could run about and thus work up an appetite for more ice-cream which could be sold at a profit and this used to buy even bigger and better football boots in which . . . There's no end to that sort of thing.

It will not be difficult to judge, then, of the bitter feeling occasioned by the degraded use to which this exquisite object is now being put. We refer to the spectacle, enough to wring even our hardened heartstrings, of the super-streamlined glass-fronted beautifully-painted hokey-pokey barrow resting in desolate and fallen glory far out on the runways, a prey for predatory aircraft, and last refuge to the exhausted Duty Twitcher who, last time we looked at him through our binoculars, was weeping great tears over the desecrated bar-

C & B's Go Haywire

Guessing Games at Blore's

Wild speculations were expressed at the recent game of Catch-as-catch-can introduced at the Airmen's Mess. From one meal to another, it was impossible to judge with accuracy where the next feeding operations would take place; and we hear that one canny group of airmen, intent on forestalling the move, surged in a body to No. 5 Hangar, apparently under the impression that Repairs was as logical a place as any. When last heard from they were all filling in leave application forms, in the hope that things would be quiet again when they returned from a fortnight of regular meals outside.

The quick-change artists, under leadership of the indomitable F/Sgt. Blore,

• *Continued on page 28*

row and making faces at the pupils as they came in to land.

We are too saddened to start a campaign for it, but we request in all humility that the cart be restored to its rightful use, that the frozen confectionery may gladden the hearts of the children of 32, and the voice of the ice-cream vendor be heard again in the land.

If necessary, to provide the fitting atmosphere, we would even be in favour of transporting over here a member of that half of the Italian population who are now British prisoners, and equipping him with a monkey, so that business could proceed with a maximum of realistic detail.

We wish to deny, finally, the rumour that this gadget was originally designed for the use of the Duty Twitcher. Such a suggestion could come only from a man who had, in the immortal words of our old friend Mrs. Guggenheimer, no sense of the fitness of things.

DEPARTURE AIR-CADETS

Successful Camp

The last of the cadets have gone. It was a tired but happy group that left us; for a week at No. 32 S.F.T.S., with regular classes and lots of entertainment coupled with organised games and sports, left these youthful airmen-to-be with nothing to be desired; unless it was a wish to be back again, and in regular uniform.

Apart from the insight into R.A.F. objects and methods given them by the official lectures, they also came in for a good deal of recreation. Each group saw some four movie shows; one was fortunate enough to be here when Captain F. G. Armitage gave his "Characterisation of Dickens and His Queer Folk," which they agreed to be exceptional entertainment.

Another feature of interest were the talks arranged by the Y.M.C.A., when F/Lt. B. Draper, D.F.C., spoke to the cadets on "Life in a Fighter Squadron." In converse with a cadet after one of these informal talks, I learned that he had found it one of the most interesting to which he had ever listened.

Two of the three groups, those coming from Regina, were treated to a tour of the Moose Jaw Wild Animal Park; and these lads from the Capital City were surprised to find such a park so near to home. All thought it a point of real interest, adding much to their enjoyment while at "32".

Despite hot weather, the boys seemed to appreciate the basketball and softball games which were organised for them; two groups were interested in the former, and one in the latter, the result being that each group had some of both sports.

The cadets found much pleasure in visiting the Y.M.C.A. canteen, where tasty cakes, the usual candy, and writing tablets were found. After a final snack the lads went off to bed; the general expression of opinion being that "It was all worth coming to 32 for—we want to come back."

ERIC WALLING.

Oak into Willow

It is a far cry from the sea to the prairie, and on this score it must be admitted that the personnel of 32 pulled a fast one in shipping the "Royal Oak" to the Creek. That's not all of the story. They are still ringing the changes; and this time it's the name. From oak to willow—it seems incredible, but it's true—the "Royal Oak" becomes the "Willow Weaver."

The little ferry boat still retains that heart of oak, but in addition, despite her relegation to the cribbed Creek, it has been found that she is very willing to weave, and is as pliable as the willow; which is all that a ferry boat should be. She bends and trends, plies and plays to and fro, from bank to bank, from point to point, fetching and carrying at the flick of an oar.

Surely, a more appropriate title than "Willow Weaver" could not be applied to such a constant carrier, and for this reason LAC. Penney, who submitted the name, receives the prize of \$2.00.

EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES

FOR ALL • Continued from page 24

Educational Committee; Mr. G. G. Harris, Principal, Oxford Collegiate Institute; Mr. A. E. Peacock, Superintendent, Technical School, or Mr. S. R. Stephens, Chief Librarian, Moose Jaw Public Library. Any of these representatives will be only too pleased to assist you in any way possible.

No. 32 S.F.T.S. stands high in the Province of Saskatchewan as regards the number of enrolments. Keep the good work going; get your applications in, now, before the fall classes are organised.

Do you have strange feelings in the middle of the night? It may be the literary urge. Next time you experience it, get up and see if you can write an article for the "Prairie Flyer".

SEPTEMBER, 1942

27

Dinner Before Blighty

The event has been referred to as a banquet, a feast, a dinner, a supper, but call it what you will, the general opinion of those who attended the show in the Airmen's Dining Hall on July 19 is that it was really a good do. If an army marches on its stomach, this one should have travelled a long way on such a liberal supply of good fare. Turkey, salad, fruit, ice cream, cigarettes, etc., and beer, were served to some three hundred men in surroundings reminiscent of the future for the honoured guests and their mates of the "Blighty Bound". This nifty craft was berthed in the foreground of an Old Country street scene, with the "Golden Eagle", an ancient tavern, occupying a prominent corner on the quayside to add to the illusion.

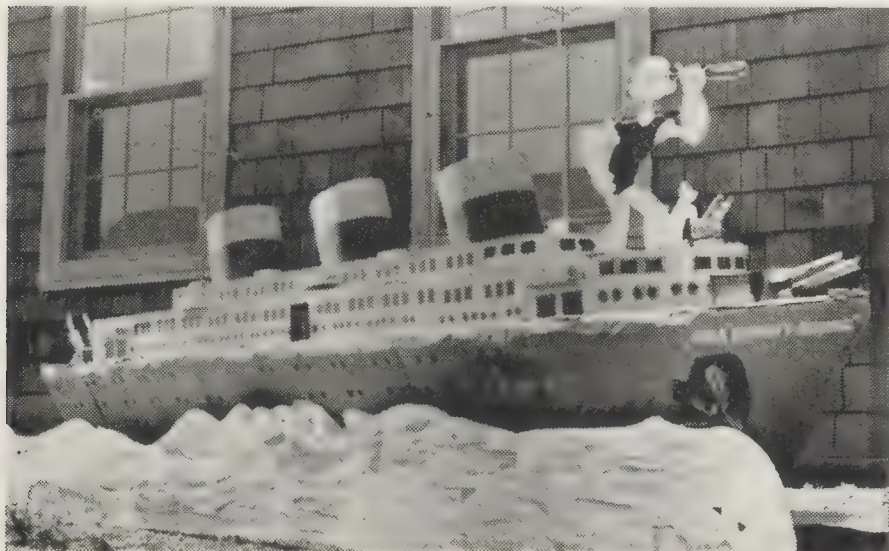
The constructional work on the boat and the bonny effect created by Popeye and the Grasshoppers, who formed Captain and crew, and the gophers manning the guns, caused considerable amuse-

ment. Thanks for this item are due to Scenic Sumner and his assistant.

Credits are due also to the Welfare Committee, the Airmen's Messing Committee, and the Cookhouse staff. It must be admitted that the N.C.O. in charge has something to "blare" about this time. The irrepressible Cooper and his team-mates are to be complimented on their masterful work in producing such a stage and effects.

Once the hatches were battened down on the turkey, etc., the street scene became a stage for a variety of turns, contributed by Cpl. McKay (who appeared as Gloria the Glamour Girl), Sgt. Wood, LAC. Leach, Cpl. Cooper in a monologue, LAC. Wilson and AC. Wills at the piano, LAC. Emmins, accordion, and AC. Griffin, community song leader. The go-as-you-please contest brought forth bright efforts from AC's. Day and Attridge.

The whole show provided a most enjoyable time, and certainly appeared to be thoroughly appreciated by all who attended. It was a nice gesture to those who are returning home, and leaves them with a pleasant memory of the camp where they made their contribution to the success of the Air Training Scheme.



The "Blighty Bound" in Dry Dock.

Entertainment

The "Blighty Bound", prominent in the departure diners' entertainment, was also featured at the Special Farewell Dance held on July 16. In the boat-race, AC. Wright and his partner, Miss Nellie Clause of Moose Jaw, managed to steer a clear course, to make a home port in time to collect the bounty. The cocktail dance, which comprised the Lambeth Walk, Chestnut Tree, and Boomps-a-Daisy, also carried a prize with it, and this was claimed by AC. Cook and Miss J. O'Leary; this lady was also from Moose Jaw.

The programme offered by Mr. A. J. Wickens on July 9 was so well received that numerous numbers were encored. Included in this last recital, which lasted for 2½ hours, we heard considerable extracts from the "Pirates of Penzance"; the appreciation expressed at this new Gilbert and Sullivan feature seemed to merit its continuance, and scheduled for the next programme are extracts from "The Mikado".

Can you imagine Dickens' characters living on the Prairies? Captain Guy

Armitage brought several to life when he gave his impersonations, "Dickens and His Queer Folk", in the Station Cinema on July 21. We saw Wackford Squeers, "the Yorkshire Schoolmaster"; Uriah Heep, from "David Copperfield"; Grandfather Smallweed, from "Bleak House"; Sydney Carton, from "A Tale of Two Cities"; Ebenezer Scrooge, from "A Christmas Carol", and several others given in encores. Our artist proved his versatility by switching from Dickens to music-hall stuff in a lighter vein. Johnnie, the ACH/GD (General Dummy) proved himself a bright member of the Air Force by his ejaculations, repeated and inopportune, "When Do We Eat?"; a demand that seemed, appropriately enough, to come from the depths of his tummy.

Captain Armitage certainly proved himself a showman extraordinary; his impersonations and essays in ventriloquism were really splendid. Like Oliver Twist, we are asking for more; and we hope to get it.

C & B's GO HAYWIRE

• *Continued from page 25*

refused to give any explanation of their erratic methods; hardly surprising, since it is doubtful if there was one. Many airmen, returning late to work from dinner, gave as their excuse that they had spent the major portion of the dinner-hour in wandering around the camp looking for the latest hide-out of the C & B's; on that particular occasion, they fooled nearly everyone on the Station by holding the meal in the normal place, which by now is the last to be expected.

It is to be hoped that, even if a return to normal is out of the question, a regular roster can be made out; this will rob the arrangement of some of its pleasant uncertainty, but save a lot of time. We suggest something on the following lines:—

Breakfast: Drill Hall.
Dinner: North End of West Wing, Airmen's Mess.
Tea: Parade Ground.
Supper: Chaplain's Office.
Night-flying Supper: East to West Runway.
Early Breakfast: Guard Room.
Breakfast: Under the Greenwood Tree.
And so on.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW . . .

Who is the Navigation Officer who steers an easy course by making his lady friend paddle the canoe?

Is the man who first thought of night-flying alive, or is it too late for us to get our hands on him?

Are our former associates drinking coca-cola now, instead of English ale, or are they?

Who was the officer who forgot that he had a week-end?

How long did they wait with the aircraft he was supposed to fly, and what colour was the air around a certain flight-sergeant?

Should we offer a prize for the first correct solution to "Things We Want to Know"?

POLICE REPORT

"I eventually decided he was drunk when he put a nickel in the letter-box, rang the front-door bell, put an empty milk bottle to his ear and said, 'No reply.' He then began pressing the middle button on my uniform in an attempt to get his nickel back."

Send your copy in to the Station Magazine! If we don't publish it, we'll frame it.

Sports CHATTER . . .

by the SPORTS OFFICER

SOCCER

Last month the mosquitoes decided that footballers were good prey, so we had to postpone many of the League games; and then came postings, with the result that six teams dropped out of the Station League. At a meeting of the soccer representatives, therefore, it was decided to cancel the League, at least *pro tem.*, and substituted a knock-out tournament.

This will be played on the lines of the Soccer Cup ties in England; that is to say, each team will play two games in its tie, and the team with the highest aggregate of goals will enter the next tie. It was decided to make a final or "sudden death" game, i.e., only one game which will decide the winner.

The following nine teams have been entered:—

Officers, Sergeants, Optimists, Kay-andells, Pupils, Demons, Ionites, Hot-spurs, and the Griffons.

The final match, which should take place at the end of the month, will be played on the Collegiate Campus.

We have also lost our soccer pitch, which, for a season and a half, has stood us in good stead; the new pitch is situated outside the fence on the West side of the camp. This will prove to be just as convenient, and in some ways better than the previous pitch. At the moment, there is very little grass on the new pitch, but given time it should turn out to be quite adequate.

Incidentally, all newcomers to the station who are soccer players, or potential soccer players, can be assured of plenty of games.

SOUTHERN SASKATCHEWAN SERVICE SOCCER LEAGUE

Already, three games of the second half of the League have been played, and now the Corinthians are lying second, with a slight advantage in goal averages over Caron. Estevan are still top, with some few games in hand; so it is up to the Corinthians and Casuals to show their paces when Estevan come up here to play us. We would like as many supporters as possible for home games, to

give the teams that extra bit of encouragement.

CASUALS VS. CARON NOMADS, JULY 22ND

This was really an amazing game. About 25 minutes from the end, the Nomads were leading 5-1, and obviously must have thought they had the game in their pockets—so did I! But suddenly the Casuals woke up and went to it with a vengeance. Haughey started the rot with a penalty; then Bowles got two goals and Wilson one, which made the score 5-5. About five minutes from the end, Bowles finished off this spate of goals with a final shot to the corner of the net; and thus the Casuals finished up with a most unexpected victory of 6-5.

On July 25th the Casuals went to Weyburn, where they lost 3-1; at the same time, the Corinthians were engaged in running up a win of 3-2 against Mossbank on the Collegiate Campus.

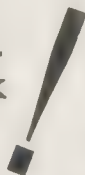
• Continued on page 31

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SASKATCHEWAN'S BEER SPECIALISTS

Sports Chatter

• Continued from page 29

Postings have interfered with the strength of the teams to such an extent that the Selection Committee have at times been hard pressed to find teams well-balanced. However, despite this difficulty, the match at the Collegiate Campus on August 1st, when the Corinthians beat Caron Nomads 2-0, was

the best and cleverest game played there this season. Caron have a very fast and skilful team, but the Corinthians were not to be out-manœuvred, and settled down to some really good soccer. The crowd was delighted; I was particularly impressed by the remark of a nearby spectator, who told me that this was much faster and cleverer soccer than that played by Carberry and stations around Winnipeg.

LEAGUE STANDING AUGUST 5, 1942

Team	P.	W.	L.	D.	—GOALS—		Points
					For	Against	
ESTEVA	4	4	0	0	18	4	8
CORINTHIANS (32 S.F.T.S.)	7	4	3	0	11	13	8
CARON NOMADS (33 E.F.T.S.)	7	4	3	0	13	15	8
WEYBURN (41 S.F.T.S.)	5	3	2	0	11	7	6
CASUALS (32 S.F.T.S.)	6	2	4	0	15	14	4
MOSSBANK	6	0	6	0	5	18	0

ATHLETICS

A quarter-mile trunning track is being built around the new soccer pitch, and it is hoped that we can hold a sports day sometime in September. Aspirants who wish to enter any of the events can train at the Achilles Athletic Club in Moose Jaw, where personnel of this station have an invitation to use the track any evening.

CRICKET

This is certainly not cricket weather at the time of writing, but, anticipating our Indian summer, I think there should be quite a few games played before winter comes. Of course, cricket squares, as such, do not exist out here,

but we can roll a piece of ground as hard as possible and then lay down some matting. It will certainly be a fast wicket, but should play reasonably true.

TENNIS

A piece of ground between the Sickery and No. 1 Hangar is now in course of preparation as tennis courts. The surface will consist of a composition, made in accordance with a mysterious formula which I have to hand. Let it be whispered that materials will come from the quarries in Manitoba—not to mention things from Saskatchewan and other remote parts of Canada. Meanwhile, the tennis and badminton courts in the Drill Hall can be used any evening.

—H. J. C.

ALBERT TOOTLEPUSH WRITES HOME

• Continued from page 20

what nights and what mornings after! And those halcyon week-ends! I succumb to nostalgia. . . .

By the way, I hear that our Trevor is getting hitched up—and to that awful prunes and prisms creature who is well named Agatha. Of all people! Try and

shake him out of it, not for my sake, not for your sake, but for everybody's sake.

Well, you old sot, I'll see you some time, here or hereafter, and in the meanwhile don't let the old school braces dangle.

It's a fine country.

Yours till the end of the bottle,

BERTIE.

EXCELLENT MEALS AND
COURTEOUS SERVICE AT

The PRINCESS
CAFE

NEXT to the POST OFFICE

Obituary

Killed as the result of a flying accident.

P/O BIVER, R.A.F.V.R. - - 18/7/42

LAC. WINGFIELD, R.A.F. - - 25/7/42

LAC. BRYANT, R.C.A.F. - - 25/7/42

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LADIES' PAGES
SPORTS

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WORLD NEWS
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MOOSE JAW - - SASK.

• SECTION NEWS

+ Life in the SICKERY

Since last month we have had several additions to the staff of our Sickery. Two new Medical Officers, the same number of Nursing Sisters, and also a brace of Orderlies, now grace our hive of industry. We seem to have had a large increase in the number of admissions since all this happened, too, and we are beginning to wonder if the lads of 32 are longing to be nursed by one of the fairer sex.

Dialogue overheard in the Sickery Kitchen:—

Nursing Sister: "Tell me, are you the Cook?"

Joe (proudly): "Why, sure. You bet!"

N. S.: "Can you make jellies?"

We are unable to record any more of this conversation, as there wasn't any; we had to spend half an hour reviving the Cook, who was in a state of total collapse.

We have a few questions and observations to get off our chest.

What about the Linky Dink who was never known to report sick until a few days ago, and now can't pass the Sickery without dropping in for a spot of treatment? This seems to be quite the thing in the Instrument Section, too. . . . What does old Evans put into these mysterious tobacco tins that are always floating around the Dispensary these days? . . . Why is it that the living-out blokes clamour to do duties at Buttress? . . . Where does Lofly Taylor get all his gen, and why must he always tell the Sisters before anyone else gets to know? . . . Who is the N.C.O. who, when spending a night in the Sickery, lay in his bed mumbling "My dears!" all blessed night? . . . It is rumoured that squeeze boxes, or to give them their more highbrow name, piano-accordions, are becoming very popular with the Medical Staff. Soon the patients will be asking for an evening concert to

brighten up their otherwise dull lives . . . Is it "Inspiration" or "Inhalation" that is the favourite word of one of our Senior N.C.O.'s. just now (we think he gets plenty of both)? . . . Our Shifnal gentleman and our 'Arry send their kind regards to all enquiring friends, and hope to be able to resume their public engagements at an early date . . . Young Birch has at last succumbed to the wiles of the Lamp, but Freddy has thrown a stone at our door, and steadfastly refuses to have anything to do with it. We wonder if he has secretly secured a bargain from our feathered friend . . . Brummy has put in an application for Colonial Pay, effective upon arriving home; on medical grounds, too! He must live a long way from anywhere . . . So our glorious exponent of the noble art of sunbathing has taken unto himself wings, eh! Well, the best of luck to him; there won't half be a waxing column in the "Leader-Post" now . . . Who is the gorgeous Georgina we hear so much about these days, and is that the reason why Joe is not going back home just yet? . . . Theme-song dedicated to our Cook: "In the Suite By-and-by" . . . What about the airman who thought "Quinsy" was a blood tonic? . . . Our Ted is wearing a very worried look these days. Somehow, it doesn't seem quite rational to us . . . And our Steve is now a pappy. Until the happy event, there was a great deal of speculation in the Sickery. Some said it would be a girl, others were prepared to stake a whole fortnight's pay on the fact that it would be a boy. However, it was a girl, and now a certain member of the staff is wondering as to whether Steve is going to make good his promise . . .

And so for the present we leave you. We shall be seeing you all in the Jabberly in the very near future.

Words of Wisdom

"Before putting yourself in peril, it is necessary to foresee and fear it; but once you are there, nothing remains but to despise it."

—Fenelon.

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HERITAGE OF BEAUTY

Under the above title, it is our intention to publish one poem a month, taken from the great heritage of loveliness that their poets have given to the English-speaking peoples.

Loveliest of Trees

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

—A. E. HOUSMAN

Minors' Monthly

Since the last section news appeared in print, Minors have had a really busy month; so busy that, although continually on the snoop for bits of gen, we have almost drawn a blank. The gossip, when there has been time for any, has always been shop-talk.

However, there is a possibility that the station magazine without its Minors' Section would lose at least twenty subscribers, and so in an effort to hold those two bucks for such a worthy cause we will try to maintain this page on the scant material at our disposal.

Our diminutive but popular lad from Coventry, on a recent afternoon, was most surprised and not a little peeved to discover a squeak coming from his engine, after a rush to cowl up and get the machine onto the tarmac. A squeak from a kite with the airscrew revolving would have been easy meat for our brainy fellow, but coming from a dead motor it had the lad puzzled. The end of this little incident was rather sad, for on removing the engine cowl he found that he'd got the bird!

It is rumoured that the owner of the jalopy often to be seen and heard careering around the boundary roads is to start a nickel delivery service. Undoubtedly, many of our members will trust

this enterprising chap with the carrying and delivering of their laundry parcels, but there are indications that they will prefer the more reliable camp 'bus for conveyance of themselves to and from the city.

Where do our two little drummer boys keep their spares now that the big box has been put out of bounds? And where are the boots, blue tin and book parked these days? By the way, did the advertising campaign restore the lost key to its rightful owner, and was the key from his tool box or blue box?

We must deny vehemently a rumour that the elbow seen in a white sling around the section was worn down to the bone on the office desk. We trust that it will soon heal and that the gentleman in question will shortly be seen clambering over the engines once more.

The recent spell of wet weather has prevented the Adonises with the bronzed complexions, in H hut, from sporting themselves on the "lawn"; much to the delight of our own pale-faced lads of I hut, who are so weary after the hard day's grind as to be incapable of transporting blanket and pillow out of doors.

There is one last word that we must add, and it is 'about Ginger; did he wonder why he was called "Spouty" until he saw his name on the week-end roster? He now refers to himself as the sheet-carrier, and not the can-carrier!

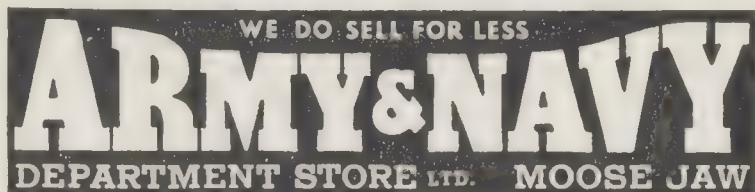
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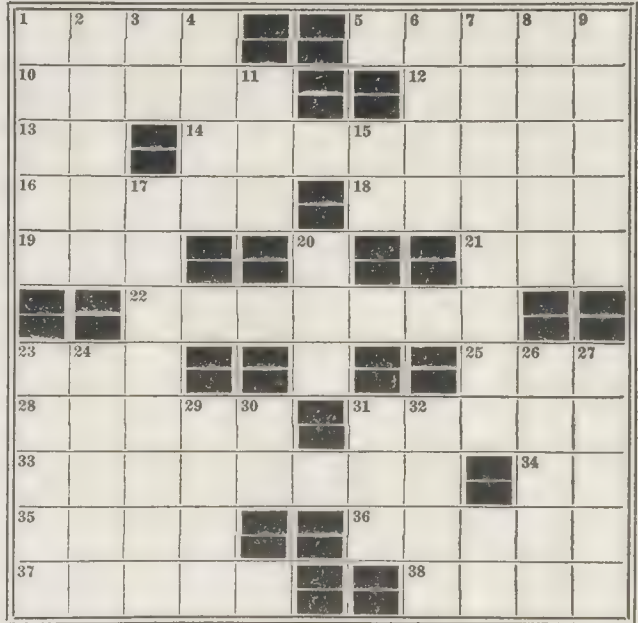
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P	E	N	E	T	R	A	T	I	O	N
E	N	T	R	Y		X		E	N	D

The prize of \$1.00 has been awarded to
 • MRS. D. WILSON,
 667 Hochelaga Street West,
 Moose Jaw

whose correct solution was the first to be
 opened.

Crossword Competition—No. 13

The Editor offers a prize of \$1.00 to the sender of the first correct solution opened. Send your entry to arrive by August 31, 1942, to "The Prairie Flyer", No. 32, S.F.T.S., Moose Jaw, marking the envelope "X-word".



Clues Across

1. Could be traps, especially to the abstemious.
5. To worship.
10. Part of body that makes music?
12. Prayers.
13. Repeat this and you're insane.
14. If there were people so called, they would specialise in knots.
16. Not this one, obviously.
18. Unscrambled, makes modern war.
19. Associated with Lindon.
21. This is "y".
22. Dick isn't English.
23. Cockney's affection.
25. Fi on this and you've got a canteen.
28. Unscramble this to travel in.
31. Kentish elevators.
33. Weed that sounds almost like unpleasantness.
34. Exclamation.
35. Archaic advice.
36. The terror is beheaded.
37. Elizabethan exclamation.
38. According to Kipling, it's always East.

3. No good, clearly.
4. Philosopher who knows his onions?
6. Irish parliament.
7. Accorded to the successful.
8. Tears in these payments?
9. You could write one on anything.
11. Goes with neither.
15. Act.
17. These aeroplanes didn't go to Yale.
20. Soft blow.
23. All men are ———.
24. If there were such a word, it would mean unhorse?
26. One of the Four Musketeers.
27. A kind (2 words).
29. Neckwear.
30. Royal Marines.
31. Unit.
32. Elizabethan spelling of air.

Clues Down

1. Russian author of "Dead Souls".
2. Angry.

Name

Address

Moan From the Sales Dept.

Yes, it's an appeal again! Seems sales have been falling off. Now that's a reflection on your generous hearts and the quality of your own magazine. What's the matter? Contents not interesting? Can it be that what YOU write doesn't appeal to YOU in print? And having a permanent record of your activities here has no value for you, either here or in the hereafter? No, I hardly think you're so casual and blasé as that. The fault must lie with the distribution.

Well, the committee has gone into a huddle and emerged with one or two innovations, making the "Prairie Flyer" more accessible to all. You'll find it tripping you almost everywhere you go in camp from now on. Corporals &c in every billet will have a stock should you wake up in the night and find yourself "Flyerless". When you're been checked for a haircut, the barber's shop will have a supply. Should you be sent back from the Guardroom to change that civvie shirt or clean those buttons, you can soften the S.P's. hearts by asking sweetly for a copy. They'll have a quota there. Also, in the near future, with every two copies purchased, a wrapper will be given away FREE, facilitating the dispatch of one copy overseas. Since the restrictions regarding sales to civilians came into force, we have to depend solely on the purchasing power of the camp. It is our aim to ensure that each individual buys not only one copy but TWO; one for himself (did you know you can get each volume bound very cheaply?) and one for the folks back home. Your co-operation is not merely necessary but vital.

Would you believe that there are some poor souls who have yet to make the acquaintance of the "Prairie Flyer"? Alas, it is regrettably so! Let's remedy this sorry state of affairs. Out with your dimes, lads! Remember, the proceeds are forwarded to the most worthy and needy of causes.

M. G. H.

FINE CALF OXFORDS

Plain Toe, wide, comfortable fitting. Sizes 7 to 10½.

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Special, pair

Men's Trousers and Slacks

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MEN'S FINE HALF HOSE
Khaki and Black, also Fancy patterns Sizes 10½ to 12.
Pair
55c

Can YOU Solve These?

1. While he was still in England, AC. Snooks had a birthday, and he decided to buy himself a present. He went into a tobacconists', but found that they had no cigarettes and no tobacco. "Well, have you any cigars?" queried Snooks. "Yes," said the tobacconist. "Have you tried these?" and he showed Snooks a box. "How much are they?" said Snooks, a cautious man. "Well," he answered, with equal caution, "you would have to pay me as many shillings for six dozen as you would get cigars for 32s." Snooks bought himself a dozen. How much did he pay?
2. "We have a very old custom in our family," said Blessington-Mowbray; "each child, on the morning or his, or her, tenth birthday, plants a tree in the gardens. I remember that at the end of the next year the one I planted had increased its height by $\frac{1}{2}$, and at the end of the second year by $\frac{1}{3}$. During the next year it increased by $\frac{1}{4}$, during the fourth year by one-fifth, and so on. I thought that rather remarkable. Now, by the way, the tree is five times as tall as it was when I first planted it."

"Really?" I said. "Tell me, how old are you now?"

"Aha," said Blessington-Mowbray, "You should be able to work that out from what I've told you."

Can you?

3. Three men stole some monkey nuts. It was late when they returned from their marauding, so they went to bed and left the monkey nuts on the table, agreeing to divide them in the morning. In the middle of the night, one of them decided that he didn't trust his associates, and he came down and counted out the nuts into three lots, took one lot for himself, and finding one nut left over, he gave it to the monkey.

The second man now became suspicious, and he also stole downstairs, divided what left of the monkey nuts into three lots, took one lot, and found he had one nut left over, which he gave to the monkey. Neither did the third of these ill-natured men believe in honour among thieves; he follow his companions, divided the nuts they had left, took his share, and found he had one nut for the monkey. Being in a generous mood, he gave it to him.

In the morning, they followed their original intentions, by sharing out what was now left of the monkey nuts equally among themselves; oddly enough, they found that there was one left over, and as you will have guessed, they gave this to the monkey.

How many nuts did they have to begin with?

ANSWERS NEXT MONTH

SOLUTIONS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES



1. He tipped the barrel as shown in the diagram, so that the oil just reached the lip of the barrel, Y. If the oil just touches the point X the barrel is half full; if below it is less than half full; if above more than half full.

2. At the end of the sum nothing from A is nothing. Therefore, A is either 1 or nothing. But F is nothing. Therefore A is 1. In the last two lines but one, 1 from 0 must leave 9, therefore E is 9. B times G is something ending in 1. One must be three and the other seven. By a process of trial and error B is found to be 3 and G 7. B from H leaves 1, therefore H is 4. By another process of trial and error C is found to be 8 and D therefore 2.

13) 8290 (637
 78
 —
 49
 39
 —
 100
 91
 —
 9



SOFTBALL

32's R.C.A.F. Softballers Lose 3 and Win 2

Five more games have been ticked off the schedule for the station's team this month, almost closing the contests. They were five thrillers, too, with final scores showing the narrowest margin. We managed to get two wins out of the five, one against Prairie Airways and the other against Union 177 (Swift's).

On July 13th, our lads took on Johnstone Dairies, the hardest team to crack as this encounter, no less than the previous ones, evidenced. They played on this occasion their usual air-tight game, to come out on top 10-6. Our next opponent was Prairie Airways, on July 22nd; this gave a favourable result, the Flyers playing a stalwart game to a win of 6-3. The following two showings by the team, on July 23rd and 27th against Union 177 and Johnstone Dairies, respectively, were defeats of 6-4 and 4-1. However, as the scores would indicate, both games might have depended on the tossing of a coin, and the Flyers gave out as much power as their adversaries.

The extra impetus given to the team's striking force by the addition of three new men, AC's Foy, Ogilvie and Richardson, was very evident in the next tangle with Union 177, on July 31st. A 10-3 drubbing was run up by our boys in a creditable fashion, with the team really organised and playing their best softball of the season.

A fair percentage of the runs earned has been gained by the Home Run Kings, Goodwin, Warner, Foy, Lillie and Eros, all of whom gave the opposing pitchers no little concern; and a very good showing is being made by our first-sacker, LAC. Lillico. At the start of the season he was situated, in the field, but after a try-out at first base, proved to be just the man for the position.

The team lost one of its staunchest infielders in F/O Bick, who has been posted to No. 2 I.T.S., Regina; his consistent ability added to the strength in every game, and he will certainly be missed.

There are three more scheduled games for the Flyers before playoffs begin. Keep in there, lads!

(The above notes were furnished by AC. Ireland.) —ERIC WALLING

Y.M.C.A. FILM SCHEDULE

AUGUST 16th—SEPTEMBER 15th, 1942

Sunday, August 16—"SHE KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS", starring Joan Bennett and Franchot Tone.

Tuesday, August 18—"SECRET SEVEN," starring Florence Rice, Barton McLane and Bruce Bennett.

Friday, August 21—"WILD GEESSE CALLING", starring Joan Bennett, Henry Fonda and Warren William.

Sunday, August 23—"IT STARTED WITH EVE".

Tuesday, August 25—"TEXAS", starring William Holden, Claire Trevor, Glen Ford and E. Buchanan.

Friday, August 28—"RIDE ON, VAQUERO", starring Cesar Romero, Chris-Pin Martin, Mary Beth Hughes.

Sunday, August 30—"LITTLE ACCIDENT", starring Baby Sandy.

Tuesday, September 1—"IN THE NAVY", starring Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, Dick Powell, and The Andrews Sisters.

Friday, September 4—"RIDE, KELLY, RIDE", starring Eugene Pallette, Mary Healy.

Sunday, September 6—"LITTLE TOUGH GUYS IN SOCIETY", starring Dead End Kids.

Tuesday, September 8—"NICE GIRL".

Friday, September 11—"DANCE HALL", starring Cesar Romero, Carole Landis.

Sunday, September 13—"SERVICE DE LUXE", starring Constance Bennett, Charles Ruggles, Mischa Auer.

Tuesday, September 15—"TIGHT SHOES", starring Broderick Crawford, Leo Carillo, John Howard and Binnie Barnes.

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Capitol Theatre Schedule

Aug. 13, 14, 15 — 'Ship Ahoy' Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton.
 Aug. 17, 18, 19 — 'Gay Sisters' Barbara Stanwyck, George Brent
 Aug. 20, 21, 22 — 'Take a Letter, Darling' Rosalind Russell, Fred McMurray.
 Aug. 24, 25 — 'Her Cardboard Lover' Norma Shearer, Robert Taylor.
 Aug. 26, 27, 28, 29 — 'Reap the Wild Wind' Ray Milland, Paulette Goddard.
 Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 2 — 'Hatters Castle' J. A. Cronin's story made in England.
 Sept. 3, 4, 5 — 'Beyond the Blue Horizon' Dorothy Lamour, Richard Denning.
 Sept. 7, 8, 9 — 'Charley's Aunt' Jack Benny, Kay Francis.
 Sept. 10, 11, 12 — 'Mr. V.' Recognised as the finest production
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 Aug. 20-21-22 — "Sierra Sue" and "Mountain Moonlight".
 Aug. 24-25-26-27 — HENRY FONDA, OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND and
 JOAN LESLIE in "The Male Animal".

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